

MODERN MIRACLE MEN

Rex Beach

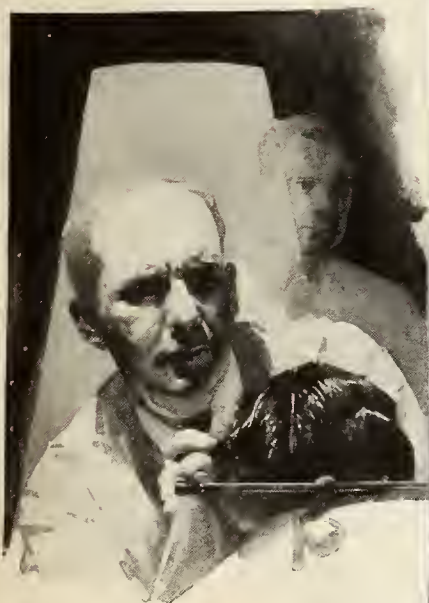
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AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

MODERN Miracle Men



A TICKET and lower, please, to Niles, Michigan." Ben Wheeler addressed one of the ticket sellers in Grand Central Station.

The agent glanced at him and noting his dark glasses said, "Haven't you heard? Doctor Bonine is ill and can't see any patients."

It so happened that Mr. Wheeler was bound to Niles on business, but elsewhere in the country, especially in the Middle West, other ticket agents were volunteering the same information to other purchasers of tickets to that place and the news was bringing consternation.

On the morning it was conveyed to the patients assembled in and around Doctor Bonine's office at Niles, his waiting rooms were crowded, the stairway was jammed and the line extended out upon the sidewalk—as usual. All present were afflicted with some sort of eye trouble: to many of them the doctor had brought sight; others counted upon him to save them from darkness. On



Bob Leavitt

stairway and sidewalk, like pilgrims to some shrine, they knelt and offered up prayers for "Doctor Fred."

Newspapers all over the country carried dispatches, some of which were headed, "He Must Not Die!" Those dispatches stated that Doctor Frederick N. Bonine, internationally known eye specialist and sportsman of Niles, Michigan, was critically ill with pneumonia.

The family and friends of this country eye specialist were deluged with messages from former patients, some offering financial aid and others urging remedies ranging from untried serums to the body of a skinned house cat applied as a poultice. Actually, it was a serum dispatched by airplane at the insistence of a former patient of Doctor Bonine's that probably saved his life.

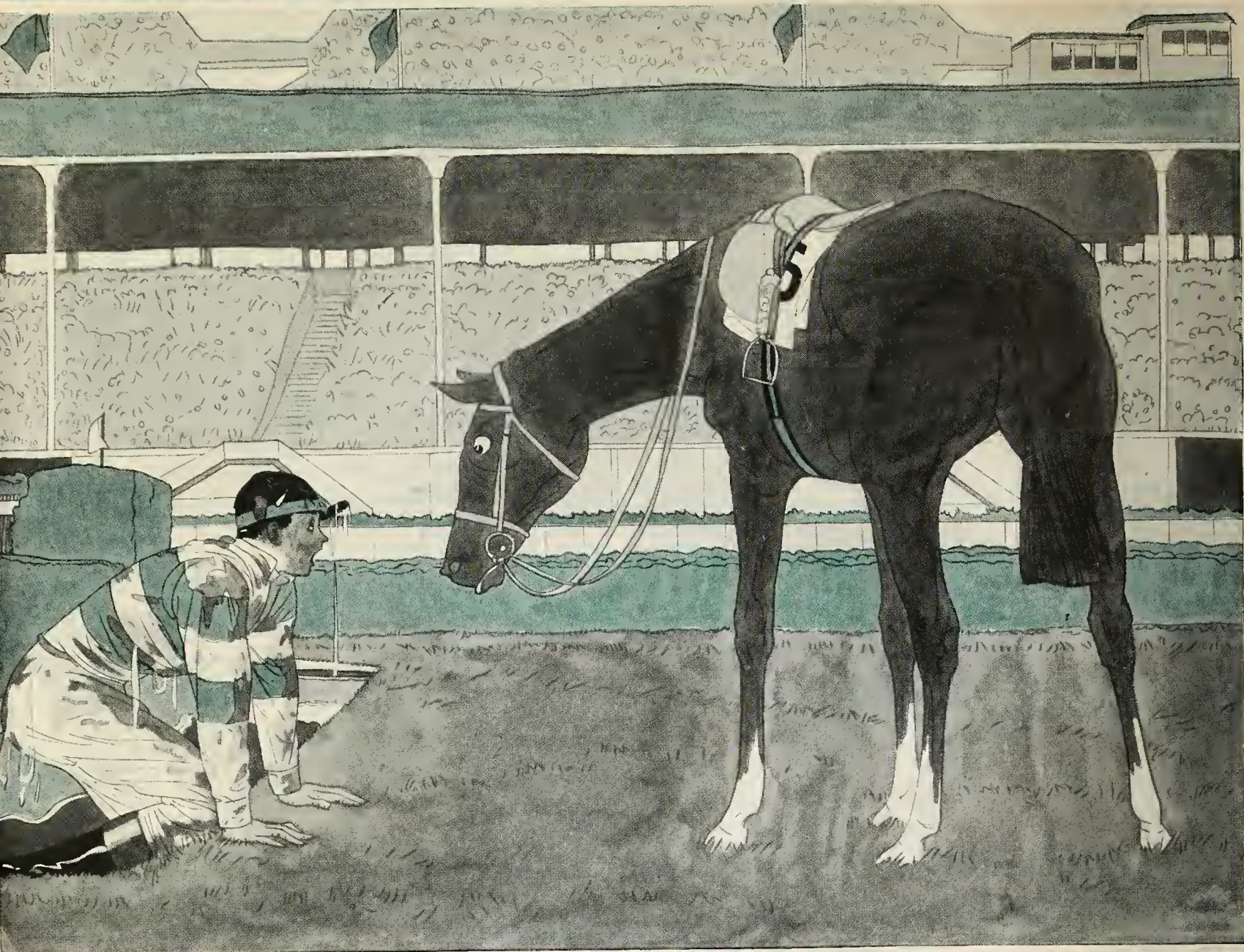
Few private citizens have ever received a demonstration of love and affection

more spontaneous than did the leading citizen of this little Michigan town. It was a tribute to a long life spent in healing; it was an accolade of which any man might well be proud.

Who is this "Doctor Fred"? Just what has he done to make his life so precious?

He is perhaps the most widely known and actively discussed eye specialist in America. Presumably he has treated more eyes than any other man living—he averages about fifty thousand pairs a year!—and he is the originator of a treatment by which cataracts may be cured without operating. For nearly half a century he has practiced in the same office, seven days a week. His record of patients for one day is over five hundred.

Incredible! Impossible! Fake! That is what many ophthalmologists say. They assert that no specialist can, with



"Follow You" gets a good look at who is riding him and is not only startled at Eddie's appearance but greatly insulted.

when all of a sudden Philly the Weeper looks at the dogs and speaks to Eddie Yokum in a severe tone of voice, as follows:

"See here, young fellow," Philly says, "where do you get the two foxhounds you have with you? I just notice them, and I will thank you to answer me without quibbling."

Well, it seems from what Eddie Yokum says that he does not get the foxhounds anywhere in particular, but that they just follow him as he goes along the street. He explains that the Boston bull, the dachshund and the Scottie are what you might call stooges, because they belong to Mr. Barker personally, and Eddie has to see that they get back to the factory with him every day, but all the other dogs are strays that join out with him here and there on account of the crullers.

"To tell the truth," Eddie Yokum says, "I am always somewhat embarrassed to have so many dogs following me, but I consider these foxhounds a great feather in my cap, because they are so appropriate to my costume, and I am sure that Mr. Barker will be much pleased when he sees them."

"Well," Philly the Weeper says, "your story sounds fishy to me. These foxhounds undoubtedly belong to my old

friend Mr. Prendergast, and how am I to know that you do not steal them from his country place? In fact, I can see that you are such a guy as is apt to sneeze a dog any time, and for two cents I will call a cop and give you in charge."

He is gazing at Eddie Yokum most severely, and at this crack about his friend Mr. Prendergast and a country place, the Seldom-Seen Kid takes the newspaper out of Philly the Weeper's hands, because he knows Philly has no friend by the name of Mr. Prendergast, but he can see that Philly has something on his mind, and right away the Seldom-Seen Kid raps to what it is, because there in the paper in black type is an advertisement that reads as follows:

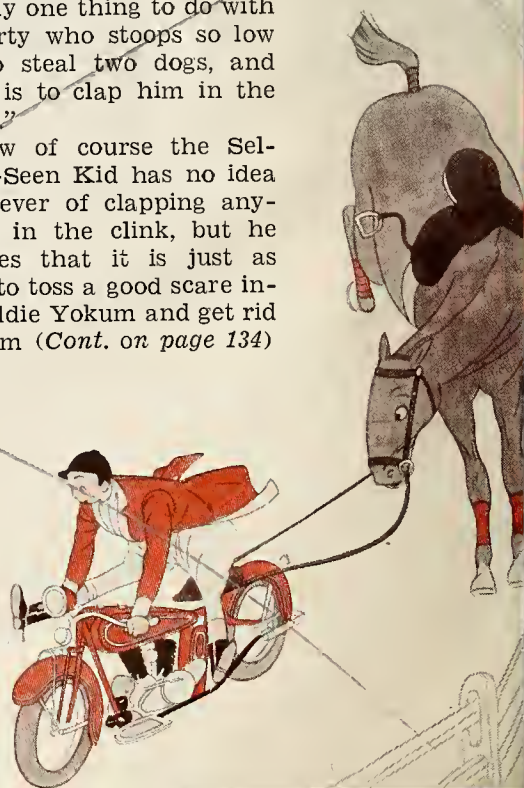
LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN: TWO LIVER-AND-WHITE FOXHOUNDS ANSWERING TO THE NAMES OF NIP AND TUCK, \$200 REWARD AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED IF RETURNED TO THE ORIOLE HUNTS CLUB.

Hot-Horse Herbie and Big Reds read the advertisement over the Seldom-Seen Kid's shoulder, and each makes a lunge at a foxhound, and this unexpected action causes some alarm among the other dogs, and also frightens Eddie Yokum no little, especially as the Seldom-Seen Kid joins Philly the Weeper

in gazing at Eddie very severely, and the Seldom-Seen Kid speaks as follows:

"Yes," he says, "this is a most suspicious case. There is only one thing to do with a party who stoops so low as to steal two dogs, and that is to clap him in the clink."

Now of course the Seldom-Seen Kid has no idea whatever of clapping anybody in the clink, but he figures that it is just as well to toss a good scare in to Eddie Yokum and get rid of him (Cont. on page 134)



Prompted by the tremendous popular response to the amazing story of Dr. Locke as recently recorded in these pages by Rex Beach, Cosmopolitan has asked this noted author to take our readers now on a series of "little visits" to today's modern miracle-workers in the field of health. As the first of these, we present Dr. F. N. Bonine, famous benefactor of the blind, to whose unpretentious door in a small town in Michigan the whole world has beaten the proverbial pathway

by **REX
BEACH**



A "Miracle Man" in shirtsleeves—Dr. F. N. Bonine at his old-fashioned desk.



The famous rocking-chair in which 50,000 people a year receive eye treatment from Dr. Bonine.

the proper care and intelligence, diagnose and treat the number of cases that he does, and that he is unorthodox in his methods. Some even call him a quack—that word which falls so readily from the tongues of disapproving doctors. Who ever heard, they ask, of a legitimate M. D. with a practice so large that bus lines and special cars run from neighboring states to his door?

And yet that is what happens at Niles. Three times a week a motor bus makes a round trip from Chicago carrying only his patients. Other buses operate from Indianapolis and from Columbus. To meet the competition of these "Bonine Specials," as they are called, railroad rates have been lowered.

Naturally, this doesn't sound kosher to the average doctor. Medicine cannot be practiced wholesale; Doctor Bonine must resort to advertising, so they declare. The fact remains that the buses run, winter and summer; patients continue to come by the hundreds, and Doctor Bonine's reputation spreads.

Members of his profession who know his work best testify as to his skill and refuse to criticize the standard of ethics to which he adheres. As a famous Michigan eye specialist says:

"We who know Fred Bonine have the highest regard and admiration for him both as a doctor and as a man. He is a member in good standing of the various state and (Continued on page 130)

elow: One of the Bonine Special" buses that carry patients on regular schedule from Chicago and other cities to "Dr. Fred's" door.



His Own Country

by **PEARL BUCK**

Author of "The Good Earth" and "Sons"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BENTON CLARK

JOHAN DEWEY CHANG had always known Mott Street, New York, was not his own country. People said Chinatown, but that was not the same as his own country. He was familiar with all these noisy, narrow streets; he knew the shops whose windows were filled with a mixture of things from across the sea and things American; he knew the men and women and the many children whose skin was yellow like his own, and whose eyes were all black. Many of them, like himself, had been born along these crowded lively streets, and had never seen anything else. But still he knew this was not his country.

Not that he was at all strange or that, as a child, he had disliked Chinatown. He had grown from placid babyhood, eternally carried on his mother's arm, when he was awake and staring, into the moving variety of the street outside his father's curio shop. Asleep, he was carried into a little dark inner room smelling of dried herbs and ginger and tea. These two places were his world and, so far as he knew, his country.

The first time that he knew he did not belong here, that none of them belonged here, was when he went to school. His parents, discussing the matter loudly over their rice bowls, had decided against kindergarten, and he had not minded.

It was more fun to dart about the streets with many other small boys, more white than yellow, to crouch on the backs of automobiles and tease the kindly policemen. But the day came when he was six years old and it was time his education began.

His mother, her old black cotton Chinese coat unfastened at the throat and her hair yet uncombed, dressed him immaculately early in the morning in a blue-striped sailor suit admonishing him in their own language the while as to how small boys behaved their first day at school. She never had learned English, not in all these years. He spoke her own language to her, but when he was in the streets he forgot that he spoke anything except the jargon of the white boys.

He listened to her gravely aware of some decorum settling upon him that was not of New York. "So small Chinese boys behave," his mother said and his father said, "Do not forget you are a son of Han and that you do not belong to these wild white tribes among whom we must live until I can grow rich. Be polite to your teacher, obey what your elders command, and keep your mind on your books."

All during breakfast, his father and his mother paused holding their chopsticks above their bowls of rice gruel, to give him further excellent advice. After his breakfast his father had given him his school name, John Dewey Chang. Until this time, at

home, he had been called Little Dog, and on the street, Chink. But his father had written this new name upon a bit of paper to be given to the teacher, that the records might be written correctly. John Dewey, his father explained, was the name of an American who had helped to start good new schools in China.

Almost immediately after his father had taken him to school and introduced him to the teacher, his education began. The pupils were told to form in line and march from this small schoolroom into a larger one. Two by two they must march.

John Chang took his place with alacrity, his face beaming with interest. Two by two they went ahead of him and behind him, but no one came to stand beside him. Two by two they stood, with himself alone in the middle, until finally there was only a small, fat, white girl left, a round little girl with tight light braids tied with bits of red ribbon. She stood alone also.

"Mary," said Miss Pinckney, "you must come and stand by John."

But Mary would not come. To his astonishment John saw the little girl shake her head violently. "I won't walk beside a Chinaman," she said unpleasantly.

Miss Pinckney stared at her severely for a moment, and then took John's hand



"I know it. I love you, Sarah Brown. You love me. Admit it."

She said, weeping, "I do love you—I don't know why. I don't want to. I don't know the least thing about you."

"Does that matter?"

"No," she replied, after reflection.

"I don't know the least thing about you, either. That doesn't matter. Once I thought it did. It doesn't any more. You may have had a hundred lovers—"

"I haven't!" she cried. "Not one!"

"Oh," said Anthony. He knew that was the truth. He kissed her again and held her cradled. He said, "Life's going to be pretty grand. Isn't this the way things should be—just you and I—alone? No past; no—"

He stopped. Idyls had no future. This was real; it wasn't an idyl. He said, "No past. But a present and a future. You've got to marry me, Sarah Brown."

"No," she said, struggling away from him. "Can't it be like this?" she asked. "An—an interlude? And then good-bye and never seeing each other again?"

"That was my idea," he admitted; "it isn't any more. Do you think I'd let you go back to that rich young man? Not now. We belong together."

"I don't want to belong to anyone!"

"Darling, you must. I felt that way too, once. Not any longer. Can't you see?"

"No," she said, and her lashes were wet and then stiff with miniature icicles.

"I'm freezing," she added, half crying. He drew her back to him and kissed her and put his lips to the eyelids and the stiffened lashes. He said, "You're lovely. You'll marry me soon?"

"No!"

"You don't want me for a husband?"

"No."

"Then—for a lover?"

"I don't know," said Cherry. "I do," she added wildly, "and I don't."

She thought of her grandmother and shuddered. She thought of never seeing Samuel Smith again and cried out in grief. She walked away from him.

When Anthony had caught up with her, he said, "I'll not let you go. Every day for five days I'll ask you. Give me five days, Sarah Brown—five days out of your life."

"Why five?" she asked.

"Never mind. I'll race you out of the woods," he challenged.

That was the way it went, day in and day out. One night they skated by moonlight, and the Simpsons came down from the house and Mr. Hill and even Miss Hambridge, bundled up like a million-dollar baby, and there was a fire of brushwood at the edge of the pond and roasted frankfurters and hot cider.

On the fifth day it snowed, and they went out and walked in it. And when they were back indoors again and had put on dry things and Mrs. Simpson had brought them tea and toast in the living room, Anthony said, "It looks like a blizzard. We won't be able to get away from here very soon, Sarah."

She had been saying for three days that she must go. She was afraid to look at a paper. Surely they would have found out by now? Boycie must have landed. Someone would have discovered her absence. If it were headlined . . . She thought of Lucy Van Steeden. Could Boycie's ingenuity keep the truth from her?

That night they were playing Canfield alone in the living room. The others had gone to bed.

"If I beat you, will you marry me?" asked Anthony.

Red on black. Black on red. He beat her. Thirteen cards to her eleven.

"You cheated!" she cried.

"What of it?"

"A man who would cheat at cards!"

"I would," he said, "for your sake. I'd cheat at anything. Today's the fifth day, Sarah Brown."

"And after today?"

"After today," he said, "I'm going away. You'll never see me again."

"I'll survive," she told him.

"No," he said, "you won't, not really. You had your chance to be a woman; to accept your destiny, and you wouldn't. That chance will never come again."

"There are other men," she told him.

"They don't count," he said carelessly.

He rose. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the worn sofa across the room. He held her across his knees, her head in the bend of his arm. He raised her to kiss her. They were silent a long time. And then she wept suddenly and put her arms about his neck.

He was quiet, waiting for her to speak. But she did not speak. She could not.

"Love me?" She moved her head a little. "Then why fight against me, Sarah Brown?"

She said simply, "I don't want to marry you. I'm afraid. And I can't—I won't have you any other way."

He laughed. "Afraid? You'll be afraid a hundred times a day with me, and like it." He kissed her again.

She said, after a while, "It's late. I—I must go."

He let her go and rose to face her. He said, "You'll marry me? If you won't, I swear to you I'll leave tomorrow—and you'll never set eyes on me again."

His face was very dark and his eyes were angry. This was because he loved her very much and because, being male, he hated her also, as she was taking his freedom from him—that bright freedom he had always cherished. And because if she married him he would be defenseless—himself and his vanities

LIGHT AN OLD GOLD *for young ideas*

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These smokers say that an
Old Gold has a special
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Finer and milder tobacco;
aged and mellowed far be-
yond the usual standards.

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Stimulating . . . BUT NEVER IRRITATING

and his artifices and the poses he had assumed so long that they had become a part of him.

And as she looked at him, her small face was dark also and her eyes were angry. This was because she loved him very much and, being female, hated him also because he had already taken from her her freedom—the bright freedom she had won and cherished—and because, if he forced her to marry him she would be defenseless, herself and her vanities and her artifices and the poses she had assumed so long that they had become a part of her.

He took a seal ring from his little finger—a bloodstone carved with a crest. He put it on her finger. Then he caught and held her.

"We'll be married tomorrow," he said.

She had not said yes. She had not said no. He let her go, and she went quickly from the room. He heard her running up the stairs. He thought he heard her sob. He smiled a little. Then he sat down on the old sofa again and mechanically lighted a cigaret. He knew he dared not go up those stairs. Not yet. Not yet.

He thought, When I tell her . . .

Standing at the mirror in her room, she stared at her reflection. She thought, When I tell him! Was she really going to do this? She couldn't. Boycie wouldn't let her if she were here. But Boycie was thousands of miles away . . .

Cherry was late to breakfast. They had almost finished when she came down shyly. She couldn't remember really feeling shy since her childhood. She was afraid to look at Anthony.

"Oh," he said, rising, "I was just telling our good host and hostess, Sarah, that we will be leaving them today. But I haven't told them why."

"W-wait," said Cherry, stammering. "I mean, perhaps—"

He wouldn't let her even attempt to change her mind or his announcement. "We're going to be married."

"When?" cried Miss Hambridge. "Oh, isn't it too, too romantic!"

Mitty Simpson said, "I don't hold with marriage between cousins."

"We're very distant cousins," explained Anthony. "You see, we've misled you a little. We've been engaged a long time. And then—well, you know how things are—we quarreled. And I came up here, and Sarah—"

"Oh," said Cherry. Her eyes blazed. He would say that!

"We want you all to come to the wedding today in Plymouth," he told them. "Then we're going on—"

"You can't get married today," said Mrs. Simpson. "There's laws in New Hampshire. You have to file your intention to marry five days previous to getting your license."

"I did file it," said Anthony simply.

After a while everyone had left them alone.

"You were so sure of me," said Cherry. "I was," he told her, "and of myself. Look, you can't let me down now," he added, his hand over hers.

They were married that afternoon in a white parsonage in Plymouth. The Simpsons were witnesses, and Miss Hambridge wept through the ceremony, and even Mr. Hill was moved. Everyone kissed the bride.

Because of the Simpsons' insistence, they returned to the farmhouse for an improvised wedding supper. And what a supper it was—and entirely on the house! They were guests, but no longer paying guests. Anthony had settled their bills. "Your bills are mine now," he said to Cherry when she demurred, and she had laughed, wondering what he'd say when he saw some of them.

She thought, Poor darling, perhaps he hasn't much money. Writers haven't, as a rule. I've never asked him what he writes. I suppose I can get him a job at the studio.

That was when she gasped and turned

so pale that those about her thought she would faint. She had forgotten all about the studio. There was a marriage clause in the new contract. She'd forgotten that, too. Well, it didn't matter, of course, but if—if Lucy Van Steeden knew; when Boycie knew . . . Oh, she thought despairingly, they mustn't know! She'd tell Anthony the truth about herself tomorrow. Not until tomorrow. For this one night let them be passionate strangers, loving each other without hindrance, without labels.

Tomorrow she would tell him; would persuade him they would have to keep it secret until she had seen her grandmother—no, Boycie first, for her advice, then Lucy—until she had talked to studio officials.

"What's wrong?" asked Anthony.

"Nothing. Tired, I guess," she said.

An instant polite murmur rose, and everyone avoided looking at everyone else. It was nearly ten o'clock.

They drove to town. Hank took them. They went to a hotel. They registered—"Samuel Smith and wife." There weren't many people in the lobby. But one man, hearing Cherry laugh as they left the desk, looked after her curiously. And after a while he consulted the register and asked some questions.

Anthony had taken two rooms and a bath. Cherry, looking about her, said, "I feel—pretty darned funny."

"Why?" asked Anthony lazily.

"It's the first time I've ever been married."

"It's the last time." He put his arms around her. "The first; the last. I'll not even leave you a widow. You'd be a damned attractive widow. Now, I've something to tell you."

"Wait until tomorrow," she begged. "I've something to tell you, too."

"Tell me now."

"No."

He kissed her. He said, walking into the next room, "I'll take this one." He left the door open.

In the next installment Cherry and Anthony spend their honeymoon traveling—in opposite directions

Modern Miracle Men by Rex Beach (Continued from page 29)

national medical associations, but the profession as a whole cannot understand how he does what he is reputed to do, and so of course there is criticism."

Well, Doctor Bonine does advertise—the way every successful doctor advertises—through the lips of his patients, who have come to him from all over this country and from as far away as Australia. But in no other way does he promote himself.

The truth is he has never spared himself and he has a remarkable faculty of doing without sleep. Often for days at a time he has worked from early morning until midnight without rest.

Because of his prejudice against publicity, it was with difficulty that I prevailed upon him to allow me to interview him in my capacity as a writer and not as a patient. I went to Niles to see if a human-interest story could be found and I came away deeply impressed by Doctor Bonine's accomplishments as a specialist, but even more impressed by the man himself and the position he has attained as a citizen. In him I found a man who has realized perhaps a greater fullness of life than anyone else I have ever known.

An early autumn snow was falling when I arrived. It was late in the morning and it was Sunday. Nevertheless, the doctor's waiting rooms were filled with patients, some of whom had

driven through the storm from Chicago or Detroit. It was after midday before he finished with them, and while I waited I studied him and his surroundings.

The offices were not impressive. There was no nickel or tile, no rustling white gowns, no apparatus, not even a table with reading matter—nothing, in fact, except straight-backed chairs side by side around the walls, and in the front room a large, old-fashioned library desk at which case records are kept.

The doctor, a tall, smiling, gray-haired man of over seventy, was in his shirt sleeves. He moved like a boy. As he administered his eye drops, the patient sat in a worn rocking chair. Everything about the place was worn, mellowed by time. On the walls of his consultation room where I sat were many diplomas and an odd assortment of souvenirs: a pair of rusty sabers, a billiard cue, a stuffed alligator and a Gila monster. I looked at autographed photographs of Charlie Paddock and Jack Dempsey. There were pictures of the doctor's trotting horses, and a loving cup the size of a foot bath stood on his desk amid a confusion of objects meaningless to a caller. I learned later that aside from these mementoes the rooms are as they were when Doctor Bonine's father occupied them fifty years ago.

"That's because he's a sentimentalist," a resident of the town explained. "We've

offered time and again to erect a building for him with everything up-to-the-minute but he just says that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him. We people in Niles think he is about the greatest doctor that ever was—but the finest thing about him is his sentiment."

One must see the doctor at work to understand how any man, particularly one of his years, can carry on at the pace he maintains. Having watched him, one realizes the value of physical training, for in his time he was a great track athlete.

"Tell me something about yourself and this method of yours of treating cataracts," I urged him when the last of his Sunday patients had departed.

Immediately he spoke about his father. "He was a great doctor and I was reared in a medical atmosphere. He took me everywhere with him and I assisted him in a small way with operations before I had graduated into long pants. Naturally, I followed in his footsteps, although he warned me that medicine was the hardest, most exacting, poorest-paid profession I could select.

"I studied in Freiburg, Germany, took my degree at Ann Arbor, then went abroad again and did postgraduate work in Germany and Austria. I worked for a while in England under a famous doctor—physician to Queen Victoria.

Having grounded myself as thoroughly as I could on the eye, ear, nose and throat, I came home to Niles and I've been here ever since.

"About treating cataracts with drops: inasmuch as salicylate of soda had long been recognized as a corrective of those conditions which result in cataract, I began to experiment in my laboratory to see if better and quicker results might be obtained from a direct application instead of through the system. I discovered that such results were possible. In my practice I've proved that about sixty percent of incipient cataracts are curable by that means. The other forty percent require surgery."

"Why is it, doctor, that some members of your profession refuse to indorse your methods?"

He smiled at me humorously. "That's a mild manner of putting it. As a matter of fact, I've been called a lot of harsh names, but after fifty years I'm used to them. People have said, for instance, that I'm too quick with my diagnoses; that I treat too many patients. Really, however, the alphabet of eye diseases is comparatively short and it can be read quickly by one who knows his business. As to the patients that come here daily, a good many are iritis cases, for instance, who merely need their atropine."

"Is this prescription which you use to dissolve cataracts a secret?"

"It is not. I've sent the prescription to thousands of people. Your doctor knows what it is."

"Of course you keep case records?"

"Of course. The fullest sort."

"Do you operate here?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Oh, no! I do all my surgical work either in my own or the town hospital."

"I dare say you have effected many remarkable cures," I ventured.

"Every physician has," he told me. He recited several. One was that of a man suffering from double cataract which had progressed so far that the lenses of his eyes were disrupted. He was completely blind. No surgery was resorted to, but the patient is now driving his car and attending to business.

One hears more stories of Doctor Bonine's sensational cures from the citizens of Niles than it is possible to pick out of the doctor himself. Everybody you talk to has at least one to tell.

A man introduced himself to me at the Four Flags Hotel. "Some time ago I suffered a detached retina," he told me. "I was treated for months by one New York specialist after another and grew steadily worse, until I could see nothing out of my right eye and the other was seriously affected. I was practically blind and in acute pain when I came here. That was a year ago. Today, my good eye is one hundred percent and I have sixty-percent vision in the bad one. He's a wizard."

John Stowe, an old resident of the town and a descendant of Harriet Beecher Stowe, told me earnestly:

"Doctor Fred has done more good, banished more darkness and helped more hopeless people than any other man alive. For thirty-five years I traveled with 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupes from one end of this country to the other and wherever I went I found somebody he had helped. I've sent a good many to him. For instance, there was the blind young popcorn peddler up in the northern part of the state. I helped him place his cart in front of the show tent one day and we began talking. When he learned I came from Niles he said wistfully, 'That's a place I'd like to go some day if I can ever sell enough

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Some put on color, hut may dry and parch that tender skin, the most sensitive skin of your face.

And men just don't like to kiss lips rough as crepe paper! Lips that invite romance must be soft and sweet and smooth.

Indelible—but no parching!

How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can... with Coty's new Lipstick—the "Sub-Deb". A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color...hut without any parch-

ing penalties. It is truly indelible...yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty smooths your lips to loveliness, make this experiment. Put on a tiny hit of lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Choose Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick in any of its five indelible colors, 50¢. And there's Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50¢.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder... with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

popcorn. Do you know Doctor Bonine?" "I assured him that I did.

"Do you think he could help me to see again, even a little bit?" the young man inquired. "It's pretty tough to live in the dark."

"Naturally, I told him what I knew about Doctor Fred and eventually that boy came here. He made three trips and now he sees as well as we do.

"Another time I was at lunch at one of the hotels here and at the next table was a woman who appeared to have some trouble with her eyes, so I asked her if I could be of assistance. 'Bless you, no,' she told me. 'I'm just beginning to see and it's a little strange. But I'm so happy! I've been treating with Doctor Bonine and in a few weeks now I'll go back to Honolulu and see my two children for the first time.'

"That's the sort of thing Fred Bonine has been doing for fifty years. Do you wonder that people come here from all over the world? Of course you know he charges only two dollars for the first examination and a dollar a treatment thereafter. He has a large income but he isn't wealthy. His heart's too big. There are thousands of patients who have never paid him a cent and to whom he has never rendered a bill. They just don't come like Fred Bonine!"

From another source I learned that Doctor Bonine once removed an eye from a patient when he, the doctor, was too ill to stand alone. The operation was urgent and he performed it kneeling on the floor at the bedside.

There is the case of the Chicago school principal who for thirty years had walked in total darkness, a case that has been widely written up. This man had suffered an injury to the optic nerve as a result of a blow from a falling tree. He persisted in the treatment prescribed by Doctor Bonine and one day while lying on a couch he uttered a startled exclamation. A voice which he recognized as his wife's asked him what had happened.

"I TOLD HER that I could see," he related afterwards. "Sight had come to me all of a sudden. I heard a sob, and then I saw a stranger coming towards me—a little, bent, gray-haired woman whom I had never seen. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. I didn't know her until she spoke again, and then I realized she was the girl I had married more than thirty years ago and whom I still remembered as young and slim and beautiful."

Doctor Bonine makes no appointments. First come, first served, is his rule, although he attends to the passengers on the "Bonine Specials" as promptly as possible in order that they may return home. Other patients, however, rich and poor, black and white, await their turns.

Day after day his rooms are crowded and at times the atmosphere is thick. No one but a man of extraordinary vigor and vitality could remain on his feet and work at the speed he does, especially amid surroundings like these.

Nobody has had enough money or been able to exercise enough influence to secure a special appointment.

Doctor Bonine does not permit time or tide, death or destruction to prevent him from attending a heavy-weight championship fight. He is a real boxing fan and has been at the ringside when the gong rang for every "Battle of the Century" since the Corbett-Sullivan fight. He knows most of the

famous gladiators in every line of sport. Strangler Lewis and Jack Dempsey are not only his patients but his friends.

When time for the Kentucky Derby rolls around he closes his office and heads South. He went to Stockholm, Sweden, as medical adviser to the American Olympic team in 1912, and today he is as keenly interested in sport as he was in 1883, when the University of Michigan football team became the first western squad in the history of athletics to invade the East.

To Yale, Harvard and other eastern colleges, that team was a curiosity; it was considered quite remarkable that farmer boys of the "Far West" should have taken up football, a game theretofore confined to cultural and intellectual centers, and it caused something of a sensation when the untutored visitors slammed the pick of the eastern teams around. Those Michigan apple knockers were rough, tough and unruly; they didn't tear under the wings as did the Easterners. Among them was a tall, rangy boy who ran like a ghost. His name was Bonine and his teammates called him "Rabbit" or "Bunny."

There was no athletic fund at Ann Arbor in those days and the Michigan fellows paid their own expenses. Travel, they believed, was broadening, so on the way home they stopped off at Niagara Falls to add to their culture.

Here they heard talk of a phenomenal sprinter who had recently won the championship of Canada. Still in quest of refinement, they timidly suggested a race between him and Bunny Bonine. Naturally, the champion's admirers felt certain he could run rings around any football player and Niagara wrists were sprained in reaching for bank rolls. The Michigan team also dug deep; in fact, those boys bet every dollar they had.

The race was run at the fair grounds, and Bunny Bonine kicked dirt in the champion's face to such good effect that his teammates came home fatter than when they left—and far more cultured.

He ran many times in the East thereafter. In 1885, he won the hundred-yard championship at the Polo Grounds. In '86, he was captain of the Michigan track team. At one intercollegiate meet he captured seven firsts for Michigan.

Doctor Bonine told me about the close of his competitive career. He had trained carefully for a big meet and, it seemed to him, was running faster than ever. He was feeling in top form when he finally reported to Mike Murphy, then trainer for the Detroit Athletic Club.

Murphy tried him out at the hundred, using as a pacemaker one of his second-string runners, to whom he allotted a five-yard start. Bonine made up a couple of yards but in spite of all he could do he failed to pass his teammate.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked Murphy. "He's faster than a bullet."

"He isn't so good," the trainer asserted. "Better try him again."

Again they ran and again Bonine finished a yard or two behind. Then Murphy drew him aside.

"I hate to say it, Bunny, but you're through," the trainer told him. "You think you're running in even time but the watch doesn't lie. There's something gone and you'll never get it back. If I were you, I'd hang up my shoes."

That is precisely what Doctor Bonine did. He was still a great runner but he was no longer the champion of champions and he realized it. Happily his skill at his vocation did not diminish in this manner. On the contrary, it increased with the years.

His athletic training had much to do with his professional success—almost as much, I fancy, as his thorough scientific training, his courageous experimental work and his feverish application to his specialty, for without it he never could have handled the enormous practice which came to him. It is the size of that practice which stuns a person. The labor involved is exhausting. Somebody has estimated that in the course of it he has written more than a million and a half prescriptions. Certainly none but a superman, possessed of a fanatical zeal to serve, could have stood up for nearly fifty years under the pace he sets. He goes at top speed constantly. He almost never sits down.

HIS SKILL at the most delicate sort of surgery keeps him as busy as most specialists, but aside from that the number of sick and sightless eyes he has either cured or benefited without operations establishes a record.

Of course, mere speed in handling patients has little to recommend it—quite the contrary, in fact. However, in Doctor Bonine's files are case histories to prove that he has brought relief to hundreds of thousands of sufferers—far more than anyone else in his line, I'm sure. Some of those case histories recite amazing cures; in them can be read moving stories of hope reborn to the blind and near blind. But then, the same can be said of the office records of every successful practitioner, and for a layman to quote from them would serve no purpose. It would not prove, for instance, that Doctor Bonine is the only one who could have brought relief. The amazing thing about it all is that one man in his brief lifetime could accomplish so much work of such a merciful nature.

Doctor Bonine has dipped into politics and there he has been as unbeatable as he was on the athletic field. The city of Niles made him its mayor, and he was a good one. His friends declare that he could have had any political office in the state by signifying his willingness to take it. Many honors have been proffered him and only a few have been accepted.

Niles is the home of the Lardner family—Doctor Bonine's father it was who assisted in bringing the late Ring Lardner into the world—and Ring's sister told me a story that nicely paints a picture of this man of many parts and Lincolnesque reputation.

"There was an apple tree on Doctor Fred's old place. It wasn't a pretty tree but the apples were sweet and the town boys liked them. They swarmed into it, knocked the fruit off, tore up the doctor's lawn and made his place a perfect sight. Somebody finally suggested that he chop the tree down and put an end to the nuisance.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" he said. "It belongs to the boys."

"He's a great doctor," Miss Lardner continued earnestly, "but in our eyes he is something even bigger and finer. He is a very great, a very good and a very charitable man. It seems to us that he has given more to life and taken more out of it than anyone we know."

At a celebration of the Indian Nations who once occupied this region Doctor Bonine was made a tribal member and given an Indian name. Translated, it means, "The One Who Brings Sunlight."

Those Indians know how to choose a name!

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